

THE MORNING NEWS

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W. A. Brumback, U. S. Court Commissioner will look after your Land Office business and do it right.

Imboden one day last week.

S. R. Edwards went to Mountainair Friday on business.

No Sunday school last Sunday on account of the rain.

Allen Winsatt and George Crosser have returned home.

Rev. Williamson took dinner with R. L. Shaw Sunday.

B. W. Means, Jr. has returned from Los Lunas, N. M.

Miss Della Means went to Mountainair Saturday.

Mr. Demler says that his corn is extra fine.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will please call at the office of Neal Jensen and make settlement within the next fifteen days, before the accounts are turned in for collection, thus saving further expense.

July 6, 1911. Sam. Jensen.

Truth in New Proverb.

When hot air comes in the door patience flits out of the window.—Boston Herald.

Bound to Call Forth Criticism.

A judge who is never worth criticism is probably never worth anything at all.

How to Give Advice.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.—J. P. Richter.

Judging From Experience.

A little girl whose father was a commercial traveler sat on the porch holding a kitten, and creeping up close her mother heard this: "Kitty," said the young miss, "I know you an' I know your mamma an' I know all your little brothers an' sisters, but I ain't ever seen your papa"—then after a brief pause—"I spec he must be a traveling man."

Georgian's Hard Luck Story.

His horse went dead and his mule went lame and he lost six cows in a poker game; then a hurricane came on a summer's day and blew the house where he lived away, and the earthquake came, when that was gone and swallowed the land that the house was on; then the tax collector came around and charged him up with the hole in the ground.—Upson Parrot.

Aviation Costly.

A writer in the London Graphic figures out that it costs about \$5,000 before the ordinary individual can attempt to fly, this sum including not only the aeroplane itself, but a shelter for the flying machine, tools needed for the countless repairs, etc. He asserts, also, that every return to earth is marked by the necessity of \$10 worth of repair and readjustment. No wonder that flying is not a popular amusement.

STATE OF OHIO, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY, clerk of the court, do hereby certify that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALEY'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence, this 15th day of December, A. D. 1910.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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PROVING A THEORY

"I've proved your theory, Celeste," said the young woman with fluffy hair, threading a needle with yellow silk and attacking a huge chrysanthemum centerpiece.

"Which theory?" inquired young Mrs. Allison, serenely. "I have so many, you know!"

"Why," explained the fluffy haired blonde, "the one you were airing the other day, of course. Yes, I know you air a good many every day, but this particular one was about the perverse fate that leads you to abuse some detail of your reputation of which you are particularly proud." She went on stitching reminiscently.

"Well," demanded her audience, "how can you prove it?"

"If there is one thing upon which I flatter myself," said the fluffy haired blonde, manifestly willing to share her grievance against fate, "it is the fact that I am not what you might call bromidic—"

"There you go," interrupted young Mrs. Allison, triumphantly. "You're proving the case against yourself!"

The fluffy haired blonde looked perplexed.

"For at least two years," went on young Mrs. Allison, taking the floor heatedly, "every one has gone about trying to label every one else as a bromidic or a—what is the other thing?"

"Sulphite?" suggested the fluffy haired blonde.

"Thank you, dear," said young Mrs. Allison. "I knew it was something explosive. And the inconsistency of it all is what astonishes me! Every presumptuous person who labels the rest of the world as bromidic cherishes the secret conviction that he himself is the one scintillating exception, whereas—"

she fixed the fluffy haired blonde with an accusing eye—"whereas, I say, he thereby must certainly convict himself."

"You should have been a lawyer, Celeste," responded the fluffy haired blonde. "I plead guilty."

"But it's your only bad habit," said young Mrs. Allison, generously. "You're innocent of other innocuous phrases!"

"What kind of phrases?" demanded the fluffy haired blonde with a frown.

"Innocuous," responded young Mrs. Allison, firmly. "It's almost insulting, but not quite, so you needn't lay it up against me. You see—"

"Hush, Celeste," interrupted the young matron with auburn braids. "We want to hear about this theory business. You don't mean 'innocuous,' anyway; what you mean is 'obnoxious.'"

The fluffy haired blonde laid aside her work. "Celeste is quite right in her theory," she admitted, amiably. "And I myself am not the scintillating exception, either. But I never had it fully demonstrated by myself to myself until last night."

"You see," she went on, "I was dining at the Berkeleys, and in the evening Mr. Dowland, came in with some others. He is a professor of ethics, you know, and I've always fancied that he thought me rather clever. You can tell from the way they look at you—at least you think you can—as if they hesitated to inquire into the weighty thoughts that lie behind your outward calm."

"Well, he sat down beside me and waited for a brilliant conversational opening. And right then I subscribed to Celeste's theory of the perversity of vanity. My mind went around and around in a neat little circle, and when articulation became necessary, I said: 'What a warm summer we have been having!' Then I added: 'What a bromidic remark!'"

"He looked at me in a puzzled sort of way, and said with a smile that it was a perfectly good remark, nevertheless. Then I asked him if he didn't think bromidic people more comfortable to get on with, anyway?"

Young Mrs. Allison groaned. "My dear," she said, "nothing remained then but for you to ask him what he had been reading lately."

"I came to that later," admitted the fluffy haired blonde, meekly. "When the next pause needed filling my vocal apparatus had become automatic, and the question slipped itself."

"He gave me one pitying look and replied: 'Nothing much except my regular lecture work. But what have you been reading yourself?'"

The fluffy haired blonde sat up straight and the light of great moral inspiration came into her face: "Never ask that question of your helpless friends," she said. "They probably haven't been reading anything at all. As a matter of fact they have undoubtedly been having a dressmaker in the house doing summer sewing."

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